OCTOBER 1978

FORD TIMES



Roma, Texas— Tableau of Days Gone By

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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

October 1978, Vol. 71, No. 10

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Cover: Roma, Texas, may be small in population (2,500) but is big in history. William J. Sibley says each building in this sun-cooked community "tells a different story of success, tragedy, family honor and frontier determination." His story begins on page 2. Illustration by Robert Rozas.

I walked into Roma on the pale pavement. It was a tiny town, but beautiful. The buildings were old, and most of them Spanish. It was on a bluff. The river was very near. Mexico was very near. No one was stirring in Roma. Even the dogs were asleep.

"All My Friends Are Going to Be Strangers"
Larry McMurtry

SLEEPY TOWN ON THE RIO GRANDE

ROMA

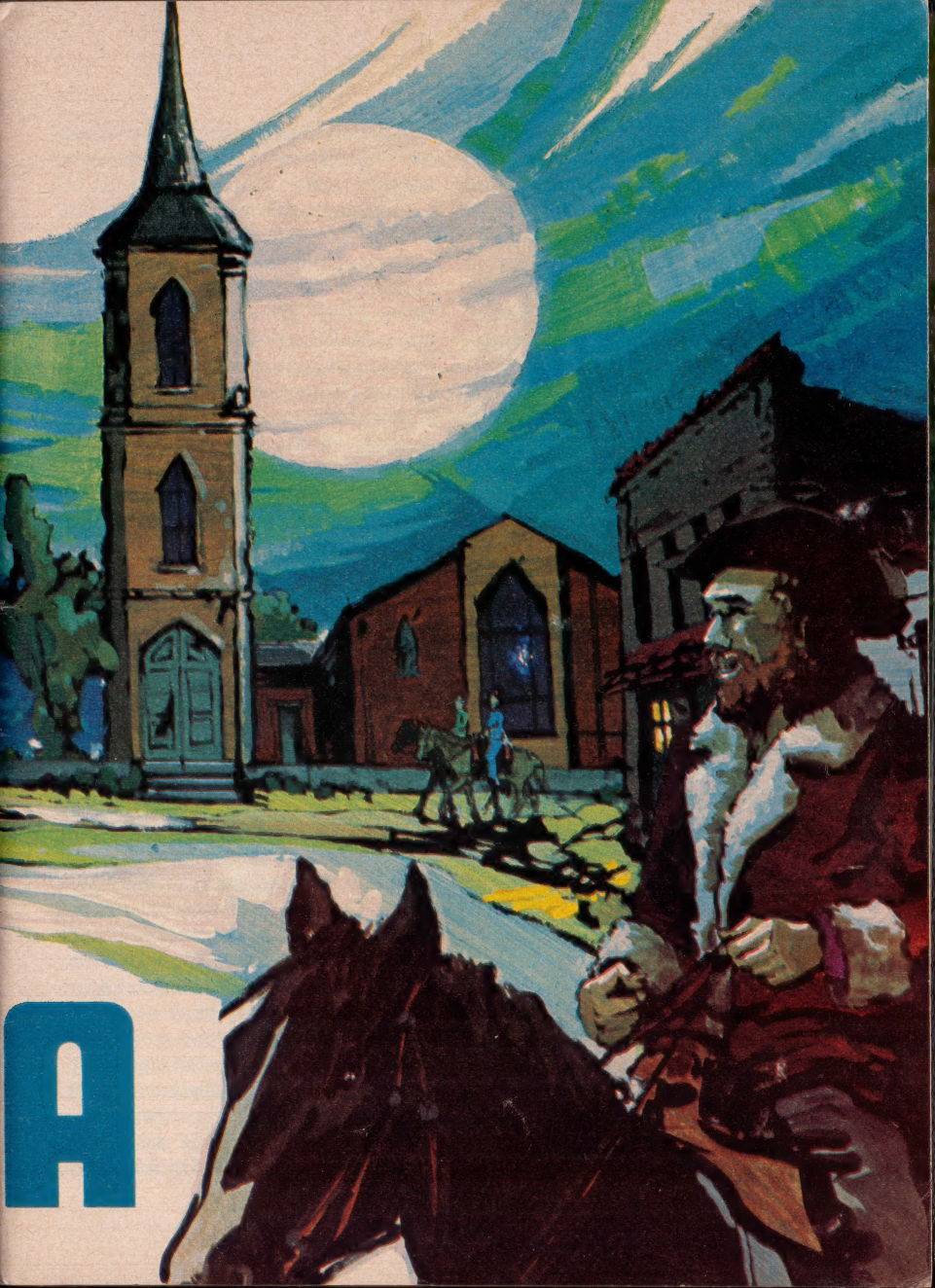
by William J. Sibley

illustration by Robert Rozas

ROMA. IT'S A NICE NAME for a town. Much more poetic than our Anglicized version of the Italian capital. Rome sounds rather flat and boring, like foam, chrome or Jerome. But when pronounced with the proper Latin inflection, Roma (roll that r) purrs off the tongue with feeling. Earthy, mysterious, *romàntico.*

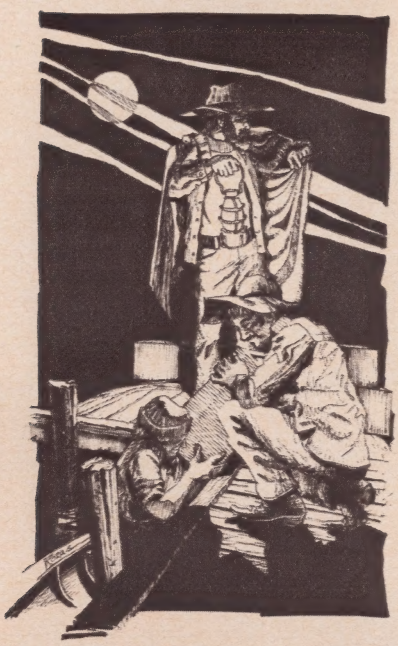
Roma, Texas, is a slight curve in the hot, dusty road that slithers through the brush country south of Laredo. It was named by a group of traveling priests who, according to local legend, became so enamored with the area's beauty and surrounding hills that they decided to call the settlement Roma, after the eternal city itself. Perhaps a bit farfetched in their comparison, the priests were correct in judging the similarities of each city's Latin temperament. Perched on a modest bluff overlooking the Rio Grande, Roma has a somnolent yet striking appearance that conceals a long history involving Spanish colonization, Mexican revolutions and Texas independence. It's a town with the look and feel of a Spanish village or a pueblo. Despite the fact that Old Glory undulates faintly in the warm breeze outside the post office, you'd never know you were in the United States without a more obvious clue.

Having a population of approximately 2,500, Roma is hardly a metropolis capable of accommodating throngs of tourists or busloads of Daughters of the Texas Revolution in search of historically significant heirlooms, such as Santa Ana's hairbrush. It's a quiet place, perhaps even a bit



melancholy. Like a lot of South Texas hamlets that sprinkle the hard, caliche soil between San Antonio and Brownsville, Roma appears to be sleeping through the 20th century.

Probably no other city its size in the Southwest has a greater concentration of Mexican-American frontier architecture. Sadly, most of the buildings are in various stages of deterioration. Some serve as residences, some as cantinas. Others lie abandoned in ruin. Standing in the main plaza, one can imagine what Roma must have been like in its heyday. The imposing stucco and stone edifices, once the homes and business places of prosperous citizens, easily create a feeling of another time.



The vision of a sombreroed Marlon Brando, from the film, *Viva Zapata!*, appears galloping past on a white steed. During the early 1950s the director Elia Kazan searched near and far to find the perfect locale in which to film his epic of the Mexican revolutionary. When Roma, Texas, was finally decided upon, Kazan, Brando, Anthony Quinn, Jean Peters, Mildred Dunnock and others settled in for several weeks of on-location authenticity. No doubt the inhabitants of Roma were a bit taken aback by Hollywood's invasion. Imagine Marlon Brando discussing rainfall with the local ranchers. Nonetheless, the film offers an intriguing (if somewhat gussied up) view of Roma's historical character.

Little has changed since then. Many of the streets are still unpaved. The iron balustrades, clinging half-heartedly to several of the larger buildings, still wait for a good coat of paint. Children swim in the Rio Grande much the same as did their elders. The river continues to serve as an ideal car wash, thoroughfare and social gathering arena for locals on both sides. To the casual observer it hardly seems the forbidding border of vice and desperadoes one would expect to find. In Roma, the legendary Rio Grande is only a shallow stream trying to live down the publicity.

Before the dams and irrigation projects drained the Rio Grande of its

natural size, Roma was the farthest navigable point north from the Gulf Coast. Although colonized as early as 1770, Roma and her sister settlement, Los Saenz, didn't enter into their grand era until the mid-1800s. Names like Hord, Vale, Cox, Davis, Portscheller and Bradburn, along with Garza, Ramirez, Palacios, Guerra and Salinas, helped build this tiny settlement into a bustling riverport, which flourished until the end of the Civil War. Everyone and everything passed through Roma in those days: Forty-Niners on their way to California, characters escaping the law, characters trying to enforce the law, Robert E. Lee and other soldiers from nearby Fort Ringgold, immigrants from Europe and elsewhere. It was a very busy settlement.

Perhaps the most lucrative of all enterprises in Roma was contraband. Professional smuggling was an operation directed by only the very best of families. Smugglers on both sides of the river made a healthy profit on all items subject to heavy import duties. This explains, quite probably, the abundance and quality of construction which went on in Roma at this time. Were it not for the inexpensive labor and easy money to be made through clandestine speculation, the richness of Roma's architectural legacy would not exist today.

Each building in this tiny sun-cooked community tells a different story of success, tragedy, family honor and frontier determination. In 1850 a French architect named Keralum



abandoned a successful practice in Paris to join with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in missionary service throughout the Southwest. By 1855 Keralum had constructed Roma's first Catholic church, Our Lady Of Refuge, along with designing and helping to build others in Brownsville and Laredo. Today Father Keralum's sanctuary, the one in which Marlon Brando wooed Jean Peters from un-

der the watchful eye of her protective *dueña,* exists no more. In its place stands a new brick chapel, the original steeple left intact to serve as a pious reminder of Roma's Christian heritage. Next door sits the long, graceful Sisters of Mercy convent, designed by a German immigrant, Heinrich Portscheller, and constructed in 1880. Portscheller's European influence displays itself in the convent's shingled front gallery and cupolaed roof, contrasting distinctly with Roma's more obvious Spanish flavor.

Across the plaza sprawls the Manuel Guerra residence and store, also constructed by Portscheller. The Guerra building served for many years as the community general store and Democratic headquarters for Starr County. Señor Guerra, married to the daughter of a local Texas rancher, raised a large family in this huge brick home. Today the broken louvered shutters and splintered double doors of the historic *residencia* appear frozen in a coat of dust. In the late afternoon, an elaborate grillwork balcony framing the second story casts a hieroglyphic-like shadow on the store's peeling facade. A cat crawls in the heat along the building's ledge, perhaps looking for someone to feed her in this now lonely place.



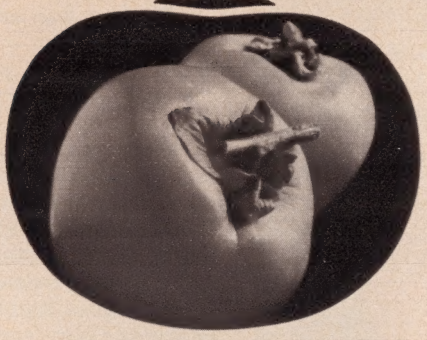
The same timeless scene of sleepy abandonment can be witnessed in dozens of other places. The mesquite bushes growing through the walls of the Nestor Saens store look more like domesticated potted plants than wild weeds. The French Quarter exterior of the Knights of Columbus Hall invites one to peek inside and imagine what the darkened rooms must have originally looked like. The seemingly fragile suspension bridge which connects Roma with Ciudad Miguel Alemán, Mexico, twinkles in the evening light, a miniature of San Francisco's Golden Gate.

On a moonlit night, Roma becomes a secretive village, laden with strange sights and sounds. As one sits on a rock ledge overlooking the Rio Grande, voices from both sides of the river are heard, and faint Mexican music drifts through the air. A baby cries, a dog barks. The smell of kerosene and fried tortillas wafts about like scented fog. A tableau of days gone by is apparent with every vista. In Roma the traveler has only to use his imagination for the best guidebook of all. As the author Larry McMurtry observed in passing through Roma:

It was the town of Zapata all right. Walking through it was ghostly. It seemed to me I could hear Mexican laughter, and the sound of goat bells. I imagined a ghost cantina, full of Zapatistas . . .

And so did I, Mr. McMurtry, so did I. □

PUCKERY PERSIMMON



by Burke Davis photos by Leonard P. Johnson

IN A TIME of soaring food costs and threatened scarcities, Americans are neglecting bountiful harvests of a remarkable fruit, the homely, versatile, taste-tingling persimmon. The roots of this prejudice are historic as well as compelling.

Captain John Smith, on one of his forays into the 17th-century Virginia wilderness, was among the first immigrants victimized by this native delicacy. The headstrong captain, who had the misfortune to nibble a green fruit, complained, "If it be not ripe, the persimmon will turn the mouth awrie, with much torment."

Like those who came after him, Smith learned that the persimmon, when treated with respect, was an almost inexhaustible source of food. His Indian hosts baked delicious bread made of corn and persimmons, which Smith enjoyed hot from the coals of open fires.

In fact, persimmon bread was a staple of the diet of the Algonquin tribes among whom Smith found himself, and the word persimmon is Algonquin in origin. The fruit has a long history. It was one of the first native foods consumed by man in eastern America. Nevertheless, the astringent taste of the green persimmon is a continuing restraint upon the public ardor for the fruit.

By one tale, this puckery quality once threatened to change the course of organized religion in the state of



Georgia. One Sunday when a rural church lacked wine for the Sunday sacrament, the day was saved by a resourceful member of the choir, who had a jug of persimmon beer in his car.

The beer was substituted for the sacramental wine — and the congregation became so puckered up that they were forced to whistle the Doxology.

There is an old Virginia folk belief that persimmon juice massaged into the scalp will prevent baldness. Although scientists dismiss this as fantasy, it should be observed, in fairness to the unripe persimmon, that the acrid preparation does tend to draw the sideburns closer together.

The tallness of these tales can be properly appreciated only by the fortunate who have eaten the persimmon when it is fully ripe, its astringency detectable only as a faint tang that lends a savory pungency to be found in no other fruit.

Botanists have appreciated the delectable quality of the persimmon for centuries. The tree belongs to the genus *Diospyros,* which is Greek for "food of the Gods." The American variety, though it bears the name *Diospyros virginiana* in recognition of its discovery in Virginia by John Smith's time, was actually first observed much earlier by Hernando de Soto along the Mississippi in 1539.

Left: Persimmon sherbet. Opposite page: Persimmon desserts — cake, cream pie and ice cream



The persimmon of the eastern United States is a wild fruit resembling a plum or prune. When green it is rich — to put it mildly — in tannic acid, which disappears in the ripening process. The fully ripe fruit turns yellow and has a high content of sugar and carbohydrates, plus a mysterious trace element that has thus far baffled scientists. The oriental varieties of persimmons cultivated in California range in color from orangy-red to yellow, and are similar in size and texture to fresh tomatoes.

The persimmon's reputation as a bitter, inedible fruit stems from the anguished reports of the unwary who have recklessly bitten into the hard green globes. But those who have encountered the fruit at its succulent best — soft, tender delights — experience a rare taste treat. The tender flesh has a consistency sometimes described as a combination of baked apple and custard.

The persimmon is a common forage food for domestic animals. Hogs pastured near the trees eat the fruit from the ground. Cows, dogs, yellowjackets and other creatures are fond of persimmons. Possums, raccoons and bears climb the trees to gorge themselves. One Uncle Remus tale tells of a bear that chased a possum from his persimmon tree. A common name for the persimmon is "possum apple."

The mature persimmon is the basic ingredient of a dessert that in some regions has achieved something like culinary divinity — persimmon pudding. This pudding has become a rarity in today's America, but in Mitchell, Indiana, where the National Persimmon Festival is held the last week in September each year — with parades, games, pretty girls — there is a contest to determine the annual persimmon pudding champion.

Recipes vary considerably, but virtually all include persimmon pulp, flour, milk and sugar, and often cinnamon or nutmeg. Some cooks add sweet potato for a thicker consistency, but others resist this as an adulteration. Purists, in fact, omit eggs, since they produce more of a cake than pudding.

Many other dishes are made from persimmons — ice cream and sherbet, custard, salad, cake, pie, and persimmon whip.

The University of California publishes an excellent 30-page persimmon recipe book, available for $1. Send a check or money order, payable to Persimmon Time, to the Tulare County Agricultural Building, Woodland Drive and West Main Street, Visalia, California 93277.

Following are some of my favorite persimmon recipes:

Persimmon Cake

1/4 teaspoon soda
1 cup persimmon pulp
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon cloves
1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon vanilla



Thanksgiving salad

Food prepared by Nell Benedict, Continental Cuisine School of Cooking, Royal Oak, Michigan

1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup nuts

Mix soda in the cup of persimmon pulp and set aside. Cream shortening and sugar. Beat in eggs. Add soda and persimmon pulp. Sift dry ingredients together and add in 3 parts. Then add lemon rind, vanilla, raisins and nuts. Bake in a lightly greased and floured tube pan at 350° for 50-60 minutes or until cake leaves side of pan.

Persimmon Ice Cream

1 cup persimmon pulp (2 or 3 persimmons) or 1 package frozen persimmon purée
1/3 cup orange or lemon juice
1/2 cup sugar or corn syrup
1 cup whipping cream (whipped, or 1 cup evaporated milk whipped)

Combine persimmon purée with orange or lemon juice and sugar or corn syrup. Add whipped cream or evaporated milk (chilled in refrigerator until icy, about 35 minutes, then whipped). Pour into freezing tray. Freeze in freezer section of refrigerator or freezer until firm. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Persimmon Sherbet (For crank-type freezers)

1 cup water
1 cup sugar
2 cups persimmon pulp
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 egg white, beaten until frothy

Boil water and sugar together for one minute. Put aside to cool, then add remaining ingredients. Purée in food processor or blender until thick. Freeze with a mixture of 1 part salt to 4 to 6 parts of ice. Turn the crank slowly until the mixture is firm. Remove dasher, pack freezer with more ice and salt. Let sherbet stand for at least an hour to ripen. Can also be poured into ice cube tray and placed in freezer. Garnish with whipped cream and a little persimmon pulp.

Thanksgiving Salad

1 package orange or lemon gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1-3/4 cups persimmon pulp (about 3 large persimmons)
1/2 cup diced orange, grapefruit, or grated pineapple
1 cup halved grapes
1/2 cup toasted almonds (chopped) or chopped walnuts
Salad greens

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Force pulp of very ripe persimmons through a sieve to make 1-3/4 cups or use frozen persimmon purée. Blend into cooled gelatin. Fold in grapes, then diced orange or grapefruit or grated pineapple. Nuts may be added to gelatin mixture before molding, or used to sprinkle over salad with addition of a puff of salad dressing. Garnish with salad greens. □

Our Weather Is So Bad We Brag About It

by Earl Clark
illustrations by Richard Brown

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, the Pacific Northwest's weather has been getting a bum press ever since Lewis and Clark hunkered down for a drenching winter at what is now Astoria, Oregon. One can imagine their report to Thomas Jefferson going something like this: "Mr. Pres. This isnt a bad place to visitt for an hour or 2, but we dont see how the Natives put up with It because all it ever does is Rain."

So to this day, when Northwesterners go "back East," they're used to being confronted with: "So you're from Seattle? Isn't that the place where it rains all the time?"

There are several ways to respond to this canard. One is the singular custom of Northwesterners not only to concede their weather is bad, but actually brag about it. Thus Oregonians proudly call themselves "webfeet," and the nickname for the University of Oregon athletic teams is the Ducks. Seattleites like to advise strangers: "Oh, you can tell when summer's here, because the rain gets warmer."

On those occasions when Old Sol does break through the cloud barrier and show his beaming countenance, the natives tend to wax apologetic. Thus it was when a national newspaper editors' group chartered a ferry for an excursion around Seattle's bordering Lake Washington, on an absolutely gorgeous sunny day. And the ship's public address system boomed out: "Folks, we hope you're noticing this beautiful sunshine. Why, occasionally we have weather like this for hours at a time!"

When I first moved out here from the Midwest, my suspicions about the kind of misty weather I'd always heard about were confirmed when I dropped into a Seattle sandwich counter for lunch and, as I ate, read this quotation from Robert Loveman's poem inscribed around the periphery of the room: "It is not raining rain to me, it's raining daffodils. In every dimpled drop I see wild flowers in the hills."

"Ahah!" I thought. "Nice enough sentiment, but they're rationalizing!" And any lingering doubts were dis-


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pelled when a few minutes later I passed a bootblack's stand displaying a placard advertising "Wet Weather Shoeshines."

As a matter of fact, in recent years there has developed in these parts a move not just to be defensive about the rain, but actually to exaggerate it. The motivation for this seemingly masochistic attitude is the growing alarm that too many strangers are becoming fed up with California pollution and Midwest winters, and are packing up to move to the Northwest.

This has given rise to a rump organization that calls itself Lesser Seattle (in contrast with the city's official booster outfit, Greater Seattle), dedicated to warning everyone east of Spokane that in truth it does rain here, all the time, with no letup. When the papers occasionally run pictures of windswept pedestrians sloshing through the puddles, they gleefully clean out the newsstands, sending clippings back east to anyone who might be contemplating a move westward.



The governor of Oregon gave official sanction to this ploy a few years ago when he flew in the face of the historic bigger-is-better syndrome by advising the nation that while his state tolerated visitors, they shouldn't get the idea they were welcome to stay. As a result, of course, the state's inmigration jumped a couple more percentage points.

But regrettably for the non-boosters, the Pacific Northwest's hoary reputation for rainfall is, after all, only a myth. According to *The World Almanac,* Seattle's annual average precipitation is about 38 inches. That's about the same as Washington, D.C., four inches less than Boston and two inches less than Cincinnati.

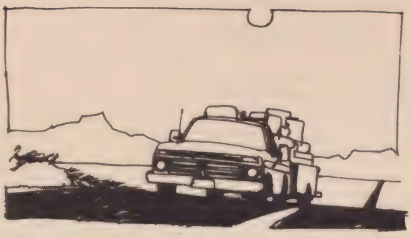
But there are some wild variations within this average, taking the Northwest as a whole, because its weather is manufactured in the bordering Pacific Ocean. On the Olympic Peninsula of Washington state, for example, storms sweeping in from the Pacific dump an average of 12 feet — not inches, but *feet* — of water on the Peninsula's coastline every year. That's what nurtures Olympic Na-

tional Park's famous and justly named rain forests.

But a funny thing happens as the storms move eastward. Now they are confronted by the Olympic Mountains, and as the clouds pass over Mt. Olympus they are robbed of most of their moisture — to the extent that up to 250 inches a year falls on that 8,000-foot peak, most of it in the form of snow. The ocean-bred clouds keep moving east, but after stumbling over the Olympics they lose their enthusiasm. Forty miles to the northeast, in my town of Port Angeles, they only have enough water content left to bestow about 27 inches of rain a year — a little less than Wichita, Kansas. Fifteen miles farther east is the town of Sequim, which has to make do with an annual rainfall of 15 inches. Even Los Angeles does better than that — especially this past winter.

But there's still another peculiar feature of this Northwest rainfall. Most of it, in fact almost all of it, comes down in autumn, winter and spring, when much of the rest of the nation is getting its precipitation in the form of snow. So when a drenched Northwesterner complains, "Sure is a lousy day, isn't it?" his neighbor will reply, "Yeah, but at least you don't have to shovel it."

But most vacationists don't visit the Northwest during the winter blahs. They come in the summer — and Seattle's 30-year average rainfall for June, July and August totals a paltry three inches. Such cities as Detroit, St. Louis, New York or Dallas



get more than that in any one of those months. And they get a lot of it via thunderstorms, a phenomenon so rare in the Northwest that when it does thunder, the natives talk about it for days afterwards.

Of course averages are deceptive, and it's no consolation to a tourist glumly contemplating the rain dripping through the campground trees to find that he happened to pick the weekend when July's one-inch quota has chosen to fall all at once. Our summer of 1976 was marked by more or less incessant rain and drizzle throughout the entire vacation season. Naturally, when fall came and the last bedraggled tourists had swum home, it turned dry. And it stayed dry, right through that winter and all through the following summer. That's a pretty hard thing to explain to someone who came all the way across the country psyched up and then must sit out his vacation in the rain.

Maybe that's why one of our local merchants gave up trying to account for the vagaries of the weather. He just put a sign in his window that advises passing strollers: "Yes, the weather here is always like this." □



BRONCO

It's a Super Vehicle

Front bench seat is optional

by Will M. Duffy

THE TOTALLY redesigned 1978 Ford Bronco isn't faster than a speeding bullet, nor can it leap buildings in a single bound, but it's a super vehicle nonetheless. And that makes it just right for the four-wheel-drive market, which has tripled in the last five years.

Consider the Bronco's versatility. With the front differential disengaged, the standard 5.8-litre (351 CID) V-8 engine and four-speed manual transmission contribute to its ride.

But when you decide to turn off the pavement, you'll find it easy to convert this mild-mannered tourer into a 4 x 4 that conquers tough terrain and takes you places you only dreamed of reaching before: secluded lakes and campsites, out-of-the-way fishing and hunting spots, mountain and nature trails. Bronco will take you there.

All you have to do to get four-wheel power on the standard Bronco is flick the two free-running manual-locking front hubs. Then you're ready to roll over, around, across or through almost any substance or obstacle any vehicle can handle. If you choose the optional Cruise-O-Matic automatic transmission, introduced in 1978, you also may elect to enjoy full-time four-



Bronco Ranger XLT with Free Wheeling Package

wheel drive with fixed front wheel hubs. All Broncos have a two-speed transfer case.

The Bronco can take tortuous off-road pounding because its rugged truck chassis features the world-renowned Ford-tough body-on-frame contruction. But in designing for toughness, Ford engineers didn't neglect passenger comfort. Front seat occupants will find the standard side-support bucket seats "cradle" them against side sway.

Front bench is new

Front and rear bench-seat options — the front bench is new in 1978 — let you add from one to four more adult passengers to the standard two-passenger Bronco. And those back bench passengers will appreciate the footwell that gives them more leg-room and lets them sit in a natural upright position.

The Bronco's six-passenger capacity is a result of a new-in-1978 design that added 12 inches to the wheelbase of the Bronco's 11-year-old predecessor and over 10 inches to the width; tread width is seven inches greater than last year. When the rear bench is folded down, the Bronco provides 81 cubic feet of cargo space. Removing the rear bench (an easy operation)



Bronco has an optional handling package for operating over rough terrain. Bucket seats are standard



adds 16 cubic feet to the cargo area, which is a foot longer in the new model.

Sheltering the cargo area is a removable fiberglass roof and a power tailgate window. Fixed Privacy Glass or sliding tinted glass are options for rear side windows.

Speaking of options, 40 new ones have been added to the previous Bronco list, enabling owners to "design" a 4 x 4 for their personal needs and tastes. A noteworthy new option is in the suspension: quad-front shock absorbers — two on each wheel. They are stagger-mounted on both sides of the axle for axle control under extremely challenging off-road use. An optional handling package includes heavy-duty quad-front and heavy-duty rear shocks and a rear stabilizer bar. The bar also is available separately.

Other new options provide further evidence of what James A. Capolongo, Ford Motor Company vice president and general manager of Truck and Recreation Products Operations, has called the "engineering excitement" embodied in Ford's 1978 truck design.

The 6.6-litre (400 CID) 2V eight-cylinder engine, the maintenance-free battery that never needs water in normal use, air conditioning, Comfort-Vent heater/ventilation system, maximum capacity fuel tank (up seven gallons to 32 total) with skid plate and two trailer-towing packages (light and heavy) — these are just a few of the options that have been added to the Bronco.

These options are available on both Bronco models, the basic Custom and the Ranger XLT. The Ranger XLT requires power steering and offers many luxury features in addition to or in place of those you get with the Custom.

Exterior XLT features include rectangular headlamps; bright front and rear bumpers; bright aluminum molding around the front windshield, the rear side windows, the wheel lips and the upper and lower horizontal on the tailgate; bodyside molding with black vinyl insert, and bright taillight bezels.

Specially designed carpeting, instrument paneling, seat covers, steering wheel ornamentation and extra insulation are other standard Ranger features.

Tricolor striping adds flair

And because the special interest of younger drivers has propelled the 4 x 4 marketing explosion, a Free Wheeling

Optional 40-channel CB radio



Package has been added as an option with extra styling pizazz. Free Wheeling Broncos come in tricolor striping that blends with one of the 18 base colors you select, and with black bumpers (standard with Custom), dual black low-mount mirrors, sport steering wheel, black glove box appliqué and five 15 x 6 styled wheels on L-78 x 15L raised-white-letter tires or, as an option, five 15 x 8 styled wheels with raised-white-letters on the required 10 x 15C tires.

That's the 1978 Bronco. A tough vehicle, yet a nimble one; a powerful 4 x 4, yet a comfortable, even beautiful one; a glutton for work, yet the perfect playmate, too. The Bronco is super, alright, and it's just waiting to take you there. □

An optional rear bench seat folds down or can be removed to provide 81 cubic feet of cargo space



WASPS
A Boy's Gallant Foes



Too-close encounters in which our hero gets as good as he gives

by Edwin P. Hicks

illustrations by Michael Green

WHEN I WAS 10 years old, no braver warrior or American patriot existed than I. I could quote at length from Longfellow's *Paul Revere's Ride:* "Listen my children and you shall hear/Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere . . ." Mentally, I also crawled along with Israel Putnam when he entered that wolf's den to put an end to the sheep-killing critter that had been dining on lamb chops too frequently. It was all in my fourth grade reader.

Furthermore, when my fun-loving Dad, straight-faced as a preacher at a funeral, informed me that Uncle Sam was interested in recruiting lightweight youngsters my age to serve as scouts on horseback in the expedition against Pancho Villa, I was ready to volunteer next morning right after the hearty breakfast Mom had prepared.

Yes, at the age of 10, I was ready to take on the enemy — any enemy. But the nearest thing to an enemy that I could find in the village of Fidelity, Arkansas, was a cluster of black wasps that had built a nest the size of my summer straw hat in our yellow plum thicket. Armed with a cedar shingle and backed by Harry Adams and James Moran, neighbor boys of my age, also wielding shingles, I advanced one sunny Sunday afternoon upon the formidable nest whose fierce warriors had been stirred into a fighting frenzy by a preliminary bombardment of rocks, sticks and hard green plums.

"Charge!" I shouted in a shrill soprano. "Charge!"



I dashed within 10 feet of the enemy encampment, waving my shingle. "Charge!" said Harry. "Charge!" James screamed. They advanced cautiously, 10 steps to my rear.

Something black and mad whizzed by my right ear. A second black bullet was coming straight at me. My shingle batted it away with a comforting splat. "Charge!" I repeated jubilantly at the top of my voice. And then I figuratively and literally bit the dust, also some jimson weeds and Johnson grass. A red-hot poker had burned right between my nostrils at the end of my nose: A determined wasp had got through my defense and his blade had got me in a most vulnerable and tender spot.

You never forget the pain

I sank to my knees, then collapsed to the grass and rolled in it, howling. The pain was something. My brave partners had retreated some distance to the rear. I crawled on my hands and knees with merciless and angry wasps buzzing about me until I had gone past their zone of operation.

My nose ached something awful. It got worse when Harry, examining the spot where the wasp had struck, said soberly: "Ed, you will die. Anybody who gets stung where you got stung is going to die."

It so happened that I didn't die, but the pain left the matter in doubt for some time, until I received first aid from Mom, who put some soda on it — her cure-all for burns, stings and what-have-you.

I suppose every boy — every boy reared in the country, that is — instinctively learns to accept the challenge of a "live" wasp nest. A country kid sees a wasp nest, and it's up to him to do something about it — which is knock it down.

Every country kid knows there is no better bait in the world for great big goggle-eye perch than wasp grubs; and in midsummer, when perch are the fattest and sassiest, wasp nests are mature and loaded with yellowish-white grubs. You thread one of these grubs on a perch hook and drop the baited hook into two or three feet of still, blue water beside a log or grassy bank in your old fishing hole, and your cork will hardly pause on the surface. Down it goes out of sight, your willow pole bends, and you are fast to the fattest yellow perch in the hole, or maybe even a sizeable bass.

Yes sir, wasp grubs and fat ole perch go together, but first a boy has to conquer the wasps to get the nest — each papery cell of which is filled with a grub.

A rich wasp nest also is the handiest kind of bait container for a fisherman. Just carry the nest along with you, and pick out the grubs as you need them for bait. First look around to see that a vengeful mature wasp is not following the nest. Things might get complicated.

Good wasp fighters quickly learn the ground rules: Advance alertly on the nest you intend to conquer until one of the sentinels peels off like a dive bomber and heads straight at



you. Wham it with your cedar shingle when it comes within arm-range. If you miss, drop instantly to the ground and lie still. A wasp won't sting you if you are flat on the ground, older boys assured me (but I've never been certain this is true).

Wasps have a few tactics of their own that always enliven a boy's attack upon their nest. Two or three of the angry creatures may feint an attacker into false security — making fake flights in the direction of their enemy and then turning back. Just when a kid gets careless, one of the darned jaspers *doesn't turn back to the nest!* Instead he comes straight on, hatred glowing in his tiny heart, fire in his stinging tail. And when he comes at you this way, nothing is going to stop him until he feels your cringing hide — unless you do meet him with your trusty shingle.

Black wasps are the worst, all my mates agreed. But I always hit the ground just as fast when a red devil of a wasp was coming for me as I did when a black wasp leveled his sights on me and raced his motors.

Anyhow, back there in my growing-up time, we boys found some of the largest nests were in blackberry thickets. And the nests in blackberry patches were always where clusters of rich, juicy blackberries were most inviting. Even today, you'll find sentinel wasps standing on the alert on nests that are 8 to 12 inches across. Sometimes you'll see them fanning their wings — sort of warming up for a charge at you. And when you see them doing that, get ready to duck. They mean business.

How do you avoid getting stung? In every group of boys there are several experts on this subject. "Smoke

'em out," someone says. But how can you smoke out a wasp nest when your parents won't let you start a fire for fear of damaging more things than the wasp nest? The time or two when we tried smoking a nest was always inconclusive, anyway. A few wasps might leave the nest, but some of them seemed madder than ever and circled around from the rear!

"Hold your breath, when a wasp is about to sting you. That closes the pores of your skin, and they can't penetrate with their stinger," a man told me one day. I tried out this theory on a honey bee, cupping one inside my two hands. It stung the heck out of me. When I told the theorist about this, he just laughed and said, "You didn't hold your breath."

Some advice hard to follow

"Fall on the ground and stay there without moving," another boy told me. I found there might be a basis for this theory. But can you remain still very long with mad wasps lighting on you? Sometimes one of the winged warriors would have a heart and keep his stinger sheathed as I lay trembling and helpless. Sometimes the wasp popped it to me.

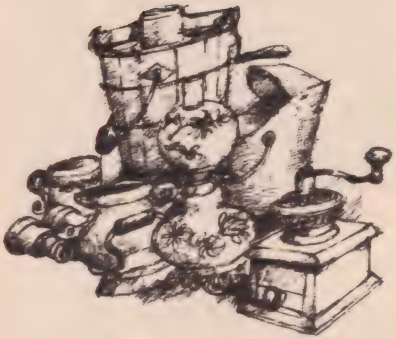
I learned another thing, too: Never have a girl near when you go into battle against a live wasp nest. A fellow tries to act braver than he should and just naturally takes more chances when he's batting down Wasp No. 1 with his shingle. Right then Wasp No. 2 and Wasp No. 3 let him have it — and there he is, howling or cussing, and no boy likes to have his best girl friend laughing at him.

The way a wasp stings is something. Now and then a red or a black fighting wasp levels on you and whams it to you and is gone, leaving you spinning and whooping, which is bad enough. But the worst time is when one of the wasps lands in your hair and just sits there. Time kinda stands still when you know a wasp has landed and is getting all set to let you have it. You daren't grab it or try to knock it off with your bare hand. Wasps are tough cookies when they are saddled on your head, and don't let anybody tell you different. So you wait while the wasp smooths out a spot — and then it jabs it to you!

Still, Paul Revere rode his ride, Israel Putnam entered the wolf's den, Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson fought Indians, Davy Crockett died in glory at the Alamo and Daniel Boone "cilled a bar on this tree." And many a red-blooded American boy has challenged a red-hot wasp nest and had a real thrill in conquering it. □



Neither rain, nor snow,
nor broiling sun can daunt a lover
of auctions



SO

"SOLD! TO THE LADY back there for $40." Heart pounding, I walked towards the old, dropleaf cherry table. Its top was worn and scarred from the cutting of pie dough and noodles long ago. I didn't know then that a university professor would become its new owner because it would be too large for my small kitchen. Nothing at all mattered but my luck in finding such a prize.

Years before, my husband and I furnished our first apartment with pieces bought at household and farm auctions. As time passed, my tastes changed. I learned to distinguish between different woods and to appreciate craftsmanship and age in clocks, china and furniture. But over the years, in rain and snow or under a broiling sun, I've kept going to auctions.

I've watched excited young couples exult over an old rocker and weathered old men spit in disgust as a white chamber pot with roses on its side went for $85. I remember going to auctions in terrible weather, hoping the crowd would be small, then finding a hall full of others who'd hoped the same.

This was not the case on a Saturday a few years ago. Many other events were going on in the city and fewer than 30 people were present. On one table full of books and maps sat a clock. It was brass with four glass sides and very dirty. I bent down to

I'D .....TO THE LADY IN THE BACK!

by Mary Fitzpatrick Parker
illustrations by Bruce Bond

look closer. There at the bottom of the face of the clock were the words, "Manufactured by the Ansonia Clock Company, New York, United States of America."

I held my breath for a moment. Only a few weeks before I'd read that the Ansonia Clock Company had moved to the Soviet Union in the early 1920s and that its clocks are rare.

Most people were looking at a set of heavy white dishes called Ironstone. Some cup handles were missing, and age-lines crisscrossed the plates like maps. The sugar bowl had no cover. On the next table sat a setting for 12 of lovely china in mint condition. Soft pink roses and small blue flowers nestled among the painted leaves on the dishes. I could just see them on lace under soft candlelight.

The auction began. Paintings were sold; then books and old jewelry. "Now, for the Ironstone," cried the





fat, bald auctioneer. He moved to the white dishes, calling out, "Who'll bid 20, 20, 20?"

The bidding was spirited. Finally, one couple topped the bidding at $75 and took the set. Next came "my" china set. Maybe it looked too new. A man bid $20; I said $25. There were no other bids. I happily wrapped each dainty cup and covered tureen in newspaper as the auction continued.

Finally the auctioneer pointed to the clock and asked for a $10 bid on "the brass and glass clock."

"Does it run?" a man called out.

"I'm sure it would, but somebody took the key," was the answer.

The bidding started at $8. *Nobody*

knows what it is, I thought with quiet excitement. At my bid of $28, the auctioneer cried out, "Sold!" For just a moment, I thought I was going to faint.

Later, Susan, my married daughter, saw the china. She's asked that I will it to her. We both love the auctioneer's story that it came to America wrapped in quilt pieces in an old trunk and was always "too good to use."

The day my face burned

Another day, I invited a friend, Beth, along to an auction in a church basement. A collection of extremely rare Aurene glassware was the major offering of the day. Each piece had a satin-like look. A woman in curlers and a blue housedress sat behind us. She bid many hundreds of dollars and captured almost the whole set.

Beth was dumbfounded. "I wouldn't have that stuff in my cupboard," she declared. My face burned. She made other comments that caused me to decide I had a headache, so we left. We're still friends, but I don't mention auctions to her.

The joy of stripping off blue paint and finding rich walnut underneath is like no other. More than once, I've burned something on the stove upstairs as I happily scrubbed paint off a piece of furniture with fine steel wool down in the workroom.

Once I got a cherry blanket chest for $50. Hand-planed and built with love, it had been painted an awful dark red. It was also heavy. A man who'd bid against me offered to help carry it to my car. He didn't mind I'd had to park a block away. All the way he tried to buy it from me. I drove off with his card. He'd looked sad when I told him it wasn't for sale.

This is not to say all my buys are treasures. I've gotten to auctions late with no time to look things over and bought some things I'd rather not even mention. They later went off in rummage sales as I told myself, *That'll teach you.* Over the years I've brought home rockers for friends, a coal bucket for a man at work and a beautiful big brass bed for Susan. She made me three lovely dresses in return for the favor.

Which brings me to a golden fall day. Good friends, Richard and Barbara, picked me up early one Saturday. Their young son, Tommy, was with them. We drove to a sleepy little Wisconsin town, had lunch and drove to a house. Brown and weathered, it looked sad with empty windows and all its contents stacked on the lawn.

Tommy opened a drawer of a large chest, then shut it quickly and went to join his father. Barbara and I walked over to the chest and opened the drawer. There lay several pink corsets, faded and much mended, some heavy stockings and an old German prayer book.

The auctioneer, a man who looked like a summer Santa Claus, climbed up on an old wagon. "Now we got a grand day, there's lots of nice things here," he called out. "Get your hands up, sing out nice and loud and we'll

have us a fine auction."

A woman took the first offering, two goose-down pillows. Then a little man in a checkered shirt got two heavy blankets. "I be warm this winter," he told his neighbor gleefully.

A small three-drawer commode stood over near a tree. Painted bright yellow, it had two small candle stands against a little three-inch back bar. I walked over to it as Tommy and his parents looked at old radios and speakers. A tall, thin antique-shop owner came over and opened the top drawer. He gave a slight nod. The drawer was dovetailed with only three pieces of wood, which meant it was quite old. The drawer pulls were carved acorns and leaves. I wondered how high he would go.

(Meanwhile, Tommy's lawn-mowing money was no match for older radio buffs.)

The shop owner's top bid for the commode was $35. I beat him.

Later, in the backyard, bidding



was fast on a good-looking automatic washer. Next to it stood a clean wringer-type machine. People smiled as I bid a dollar and got the wringer. "I have a daughter with a new baby," I told a lady next to me.

Men carried tools from a small shed. Spades, a corn planter, evil-looking axes. Someone sold popcorn. The day wore on. That little shed held a wealth of things. The last item was very heavy. Two men dropped it with a thud. It was five lengths of oak about four feet long and three inches thick. Heavy metal rods ran through the sides of the boards every foot or so, uniting them into a flat surface. There was a small metal ring at each corner. I wondered who would want such a thing.

The auctioneer's shirt was drenched with perspiration. Nobody would answer his call for $3, then $2, finally $1. His voice wheedled and cajoled but none would meet his challenge. Not even 50 cents was bid. He had a wounded look as he demanded it had to be very old and certainly was worth at least a quarter. I munched popcorn and reached up to push my hair back.

His hand shot up. "Sold!" he cried. "To the lady in the brown coat."

Before I could speak, a little man in faded overalls hurried toward me with a grin: "You know what you got there, lady? That there's a genuine pig board, fer butchering."

My friends just looked at me. We got all the purchases into the car and trunk, with Richard insisting I'd get the bill if he developed a hernia.

All the way back I wondered what to do with the pig board. Once home, we unloaded the car and rested the pig board against a pear tree in the backyard. Neighbors had suggestions. One thought of having it planed down at a wood shop, refinishing it and putting it on legs to make a low table. I could imagine the whole thing sinking slowly through all but a stone floor. He refused my offer of it as a gift after receiving a look from his wife.

Winter came and snow drifted against my pig board. In the spring I passed it as I readied my garden.

The pig board is resurrected

One day the telephone rang. It was Barbara and she was laughing. Richard's boss was having a party and, what do you know, they needed something large upon which to carve a barbecued pig. Did I still have the pig board and could they rent or borrow it, please? I told her I wouldn't even consider it. Richard got on the line. I knew he was frowning. He's not a man who hears no all that much.

"Oh, come on," he said, "they really need it."

It was hard not to laugh. I kept my voice very solemn as I said, "Richard, everything has a use and it seems to me it wouldn't be right to rent out a pig board. The only way it leaves my pear tree is to be sold for 75 cents and never ever returned."

I guess everyone was satisfied. When it comes to auctions, a little profit is better than none at all. □

Below: Pinto Runabout with Accent Tape Stripe. Right: Fiesta with Sport Option Group



Economy and Luxury

by John Woodford

WHEN PEOPLE decide to buy a smaller quick-handling, fuel-efficient automobile, that doesn't mean they have to sacrifice luxury.

Designers of the Ford Motor Company's "economy fleet" — Fairmont, Mustang II, Pinto and Fiesta — kept this in mind when they planned the "customized" models and special option packages available for each of these four car lines.

Fairmont, the newest bright star in the Ford line-up, offers the Fairmont Futura, a trim sporty two-door introduced late last year.

Futura is Ford's coup in this year's explosion of coupes. Distinctive exterior touches include the dual quad



Right: Futura with Tu-Tone Creme and Gold body color and Gold vinyl roof



Mustang II King Cobra



y Can Go Together



headlamps, grille, wraparound taillamps, middle and rear roof pillars and color-keyed roof crossover moldings.

Also standard on this affordable personal specialty car are bright and black lower bodyside moldings, hood ornament, paint stripes, bright belt moldings and window frames, bright left-hand mirror and striking horizontal louvers on the middle roof pillars.

Inside Futura, you'll appreciate the upgraded sound-muffling system, the pleated vinyl upholstery on the bucket seats and the handsome woodtone appliqué that sets off the instrument panel. A deluxe steering wheel hub and color-keyed safety belts add to the harmony of the decor of this surprisingly roomy five-passenger coupe.

The standard Futura powerteam is a 2.3-litre engine with a smooth-shifting four-speed floor-mounted transmission. Front disc brakes and rack-and-pinion steering also are standard.

Futura options beyond the ample list for other Fairmonts include vinyl roof with two-piece design and Tu-Tone paint options matched just for Futura. Optional turbine-style wheel covers are color-keyed.

Fiesta is Ford's small quick-handling car. It's a complete little car in its standard model, but for those of you who desire increased decor or sporty appointments, Fiesta offers three group options to choose from.

The Decor Group Option includes these and other outstanding features: electric rear window defroster, black rubber "rub strips" on bumpers, sound insulation package, fully reclining front bucket seats, padded door trim panels with armrests, a day/night mirror, package tray behind rear seat, black bodyside tape stripes and black rocker panel treatment.

The Sport Group Option adds these sporty essentials, among others, to the Decor Group: tachometer and trip odometer, sports suspension system with rear stabilizer bar and heavy-duty shock absorbers, extra-wide wheels for 145 SR x 12 BSW Michelin steel-belted radial-ply tires, brushed aluminum instrument panel appliqué and Cadiz cloth-and-vinyl upholstery.

Fiesta with Ghia Group Option incorporates the Decor and Sport group options and *adds* these finishing touches: an even better sound insulation system, carpeted package tray, 155 SR x 12 BSW radial tires, velour cloth upholstery, door storage pockets, loop-pile carpeting on passenger compartment floor, roof-mounted grab handles, seat back assist straps and map pockets, and twist lock for the rear hatch.

Put all of this together with Fiesta's flip-up open-air roof, rear window wiper/washer and the shimmering ClearCoat metallic paint options, and you have a subcompact that has to be seen to be believed.

All Fiestas have front-wheel drive and steel-belted radial tires as standard equipment, and are powered by a 1.6-litre four-cylinder engine with a fully synchronized four-speed floor-



Pinto Runabout features an all-glass third door

mounted manual shift.

When it comes to Mustang II, no matter which model you choose you know you're getting an automobile that makes every moment behind the wheel a special one. But the ultimate in Mustang magnetism is the Mustang II King Cobra option — a car designed to rule its class.

King Cobra's outstanding features include stylish tape treatment, pinstriping on all major body areas and the words "King Cobra" on the sides and the rear decklid spoiler, available in a wide range of colors.

The decorative hood scoop is surrounded by the striking snake decal, and the streamlining front air dam adds to King Cobra's zesty look. Col-



Above: King Cobra's rear-deck spoiler
Below: Futura with flight bench seat



or-keyed dual mirrors, bold black grille and rear quarter flair are other notable exterior King Cobra features.

The three-door, four-passenger King is powered by a 5.0-litre (302 CID) 2V V-8 engine; the transmission is a floor-mounted four-speed manual.

King Cobra also has power front disc brakes, power steering, raised-white-letter radial tires and the Rallye Package, which brings extra cooling, heavy-duty springs and adjustable shock absorbers. A rear stabilizer bar is standard, as it is on all Mustangs.

The "T-Roof" Convertible and the rest of the big range of Mustang II options let King Cobra owners express themselves down to the last detail of their automobile. The car can be tailored to fit personal whims.

Pinto sedans are designed to give value for your small-car dollar. But choose the Tu-Tone option, add the Rallye Appearance Package or the Accent Tape Stripe, put the removable flip-up open-air roof on top and the black Deluxe Bumper Group on both ends, and your three-door Pinto Runabout comes on like a sporty car bristling with pizazz.

The Pinto Runabout also features Pinto's high level of standard features — desirable items like AM Radio (may be deleted for credit), power front disc brakes, tinted glass, wheel covers, vinyl insert bodyside moldings and an electric rear-window defroster. Your Runabout comes as a completely equipped automobile.

It also has plenty of cargo area. With the rear seat folded down, you get 29 cubic feet of usable carrying space.

The car's Rallye Appearance Package includes dual golden-accent tape stripes, dual racing mirrors, black moldings on windows and wiper arms, front spoiler and four styled wheels with trim rings.

Pinto's fine performance features are made even finer with the optional Sports Rallye Package, which adds tachometer, ammeter and temperature gauges; higher spring rates; front stabilizer bar, and sport steering wheel — plus a higher axle ratio with the standard 2.3-litre four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission.

A 2.8-litre V-6 engine and automatic transmission are also available for Runabout.

And, like Mustang, the 1978 Pinto is priced lower than last year's comparably equipped model, and comes with more standard features.

Take the time to look at the variations on this thrifty quartet of Ford cars. Appearance and performance are qualities we value in most things we acquire, not to mention in ourselves. And sensible and pleasing options add value-for-the-money to Ford's "economy fleet." □

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by J. Norman McKenzie

illustrations by Neil Boyle



Let's Hear It for the PIPERS!

ANYONE WITH EVEN a wee drop of Scottish blood in his veins indignantly denies the old story that one monarch, upon first hearing the royal piper, clapped his hands over his ears and groaned, "From this he makes a living?"

The answer, of course, is "Indeed he does." To this day, whenever Queen Elizabeth II is at Buckingham

Palace or in residence at Sandringham, her palace in Scotland, she is awakened each morning by a piper who strolls back and forth under Her Majesty's bedroom windows piping a kind of Royal Reveille. Queen Victoria began the practice in the mid-19th century and it has been carried on by each succeeding British ruler.

However, jokes about bagpipes go back beyond Victoria and are likely to survive as long as there are bagpipes. "We don't mind, not really," one piper said, albeit wistfully. Other pipers resent the jokes, but mostly because, as one put it, "We've heard them so often."

There is the spectator at the parade, for example, who yells as the kilt-clad piper passes, "Hoot Mon, Jock — you trying to play that thing, or wrestle it?" And, there's another chestnut: "Quick! Give me a stick and I'll help you beat it off."

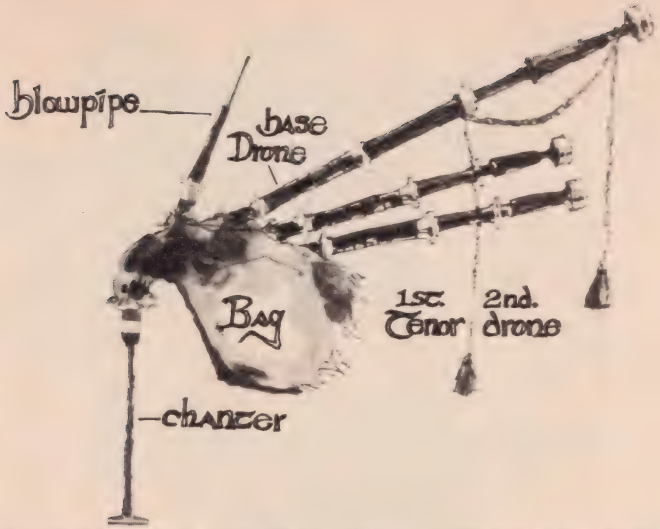
Most pipers go tootling along, confident that millions the world over thrill to the skirl of the pipes and the attendant pageantry. One fan of piper music has said, "It evokes a fierce, primordial urge that heightens the valor of a warrior." Indeed, tales of soldiers marching to battle behind the pipers are legion. A classic among them originated at Lucknow in India during the 1857 Sepoy rebellion. The British garrison, besieged for three months, supplies and ammunition dwindling, still held out, hoping for a miracle.



The miracle came in the form of a British column under Sir Colin Campbell, marching to the skirl of the Highlanders, their regimental pipes. As the grateful survivors limped out of their barracks, the Highlanders struck up *Auld Lang Syne,* and the men who, without flinching, had endured so much for so long burst unashamedly into tears. (John Greenleaf Whittier immortalized the day in his stirring poem *The Pipes at Lucknow.)*

Humor and high deeds aside, the bagpipe has a history as distinctive as the sounds one can coax from its complex of pipes, bellows and bags. We think of the Black Watch regiment with their wrap-around skirts, brilliant scarves and tam o' shanters at a rakish angle as symbolic of the bagpipe at its best. But long before the original Black Watch pipers fared forth, Caesar's legions stepped to the pipers' beat across British heaths.

Some suggest also that the harp "that once through Tara's halls the



soul of music shed" was in reality a bagpipe. In any group of pipers you'll find some who swear that Nero didn't fiddle the night he painted his town red — he played the pipes.

Other versions of the bagpipe's beginning place it in Egypt or among the Chaldeans. One school of piper-thought says that it all began in Babylonia during the building of the Tower of Babel. (Again we have the jokester saying, "Maybe that's what caused all the babel.")

Whatever the bagpipe's beginning, there is no end to the enthusiasm pipers have for their instruments nor to the loyalty of those who love a parade if the pipers are there or who just like to listen to a piper band.

There are some 200 piper bands in America with hundreds more in Canada. (Pipers in Scotland are too numerous to mention.) Perhaps the most notable American band is the Kilties of Worcester, Massachusetts, most of whom are transplanted native Scots. They've won the North American piper championship at least four times and once finished second in the "World Series" of piper competitions — the Highland Games. These are held every year in Scotland and attract up to 1,000 piper bands from all over the world.

Bagpipes cost $600 or more and are made to order. A handful of importers scattered across the United States import bagpipes. Another handful of American artisans custom-make the instrument but are not a factor, commercially.

Some larger music stores stock a practice chanter, a sort of stripped-down bagpipe that allows the fledgling piper to get in a few practice licks without offending the neighbors. Toy

The Uillean Pipes



bagpipes sell for about $35 but they are not for those bitten by the piper bug.

As difficult as bagpipes are to buy, they are even more difficult to play. To begin with, there are few teachers of the instrument, so the beginner's best bet is to latch onto a member of a piper band.

Even an accomplished piper needs

constant practice and, before starting to play, has to put in a 15-minute warm-up. The pipe major (who is to the piper band what the first violinist is to a symphony) is the key. Each pipe must be "tuned" to the exact pitch of that played by the pipe major.

Moreover, the weather is a factor. Bagpipes are mighty finicky. On hot, dry days they give off one kind of sound; humid or cold weather causes a different tone. Most pipers agree that, even with diligent practice, it takes about seven years to become a first-rate piper.

Yet, learning to play the pipes is simple, measured against the job of trying to define the instrument. Any such effort must begin by explaining what the bagpipe is not. It is not an accordion, although you do squeeze it. And anybody who dismisses it by saying, "The bagpipe is an ill wind that nobody blows good," is off target. He's talking about an oboe.

The bagpipe is a wind instrument, pure and not so simple. The inevitable gagster will suggest that the bagpipe was thought up by some ancient ancestor of Rube Goldberg. He may be right. A bagpipe consists of a bellows and two or more pipes attached to a leather bag. The pipes are sounded by reeds into which the wind is fed as the piper squeezes the bag he holds under one arm. Before squeezing, he fills the bag with air by pumping the bellows that is tucked under his other arm.

One pipe only — the chanter — carries the melody and the piper plays or "fingers" the chanter much as does a clarinetist. The other pipes — usually three — are called drones, an apt designation because they sound but one tone. With a deftness that beggars description (and explains why it takes seven years to learn) the piper fits those drone notes into the melody in a technique called "gracing."

If you wish to remain friends with a piper never refer to his leather container as a windbag. To a piper a windbag is one of those guys making bum jokes about bagpipes. (Some say that it takes a windbag to explain the intricacies of the workings of a bagpipe.)

Arguments about the merits of bagpipes will doubtless drag on as long as there are piper bands. And there will be piper bands as long as there are Scots to make bagpipes and others to coax strangely seductive sounds from them.

And the question of how old the instrument is will probably engage the attention of scholars as long as there are scholars. The *Encyclopaedia Brittanica,* for example, comes out against the Chaldean origin, but *Collier's Encyclopedia* leans the other way.

An Irish authority — William H. Gratton Flood, the late musicologist — came out flatfooted for the Chaldeans as the originators of the bagpipe and cited in evidence several Old Testament references. He went further, stating that the Pied Piper of Hamelin, ususally depicted as a flutist, played the bagpipe.

Now, any instrument that could get a flock of kids to march spang into the middle of a hill will not ever be put down by bum jokes. □

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The Little WHITE HOUSE at Warm Springs, Georgia



by Mary Augusta Rodgers

illustrations by Robert Bragg

THIS WAS THE ONLY house Franklin Delano Roosevelt ever owned, and there's evidence that he was happier here in Warm Springs than anywhere else. The setting is beautiful — a heavily wooded mountain slope, with a sweeping view of the valley below and the hills beyond. Behind its colonnaded entrance, the house is small and simply furnished. What makes it remarkable is the powerful presence of a man people still argue about.

"He led this country down the road to socialism," I heard an elderly visitor explain to a boy who looked like his grandson.

Another visitor gave the speaker a furious look and said loudly to a friend, "All he did, actually, was save the American way of life."

A third visitor said nothing. She was staring at a set of heavy leg braces worn by the President, and she looked shocked.

Warm Springs has been a place of rest and recuperation since the Indians brought their sick and wounded here to bathe in the warm water that gushed from rocks at the base of the mountain. It became something of a spa in the late 1800s, with a summer hotel, cottages and a swimming pool. Franklin Roosevelt came in 1924, drawn by reports that other polio patients had been helped by daily treatment in the water; he left feeling strong enough to resume his political career. In 1927, he founded the Warm Springs Foundation, an organization that continues to serve the disabled — "all sizes, shapes and states of calamity," as one Warm Springs resident put it. In 1932, while still governor of New York, Roosevelt built his house here. (The cost was $8,738, including landscaping and the architect's fees.)

At Warm Springs, Roosevelt was able to continue his treatment and

have a daily swim. He went fishing, rode horseback, had family picnics in the piny woods, drove his open sports car — especially fitted with a hand-operated brake and clutch — along the red-clay roads. He came back as often as he could during his four terms as President. On April 12, 1945, he died here.

The house and grounds have been open to the public since 1948 and attendance increases every year. Democratic Presidential candidates never fail to make well-publicized pilgrimages; Jimmy Carter began his 1976 campaign at the Little White House.

Our group arrived at the end of a week-long tour that had some of the aspects of a political campaign; one of us mistook a visitor at the entrance gate for part of a welcoming committee, introduced himself, and shook his hand warmly.

"I'm from Milwaukee myself," the startled visitor said, and took off.

There are 3,000 acres in the Warm Springs estate, which is kept, as much as possible, the way it was in Roosevelt's time. The woods are full of blossoms in the spring when the dogwoods, magnolias and wild azaleas bloom, a deep, fragrant green in the



summertime, and brilliant in the fall when the hardwood trees turn color. Dowdell's Knob, the highest point in the Pine Mountain range, was Roosevelt's favorite place for picnics and barbecues, and there's a plaque near the outdoor fireplace he had built.

The grounds near the house have been spared the funeral statuary and landscaping usually considered essential at memorials and international shrines. (Warm Springs is known as both.) There's a commemorative fountain, fed by water from the springs; a walk lined with stones from each state, and their flags; and a small museum in what used to be a neighbor's summer house. And that's about all.

An excellent short film, *A Warm Springs Memoir of Franklin D. Roosevelt,* is shown continuously in the museum auditorium. It's good to see this first; it introduces President Roosevelt to some, and brings back a flood of memories to others. In the darkened room, Roosevelt appears on the screen playing with his dog, Fala; carving a Thanksgiving turkey; talking to local farmers; laughing and joking with reporters, his cigarette holder clamped in his teeth at a rakish angle; playing water ball in the pool with children who were fellow foundation patients. "Notice with what awe and respect the children are trying to drown the President," the voice of Merriman Smith, the narrator, observes as Roosevelt's face disappears in a shower of splashing water.



The few visible signs of Presidential position, like the sentry posts, are outside the Little White House. Inside, everything is comfortable and pleasantly unimpressive: a combination living and dining room, three bedrooms, two baths, and a kitchen that belongs to the era when, as one visitor said, "Even if you had a refrigerator, you called it an icebox." The walls are wood paneled, in the tradition of vacation houses, and there are a lot of ship models and paintings of ships around. A wheelchair stands in the entrance hall. Rambler roses bloom by the front door.

Everything has been left as it was on the day of Roosevelt's death, from the famous unfinished portrait on an easel to the partially burned logs in the fireplace, and the note the cook wrote in pencil on the woodwork above the stove: *Daisy Bonner cook the first meal and the last one in this cottage for the President Roosevelt.*

In the museum, Roosevelt's unmistakable voice is heard at intervals in recorded excerpts from some of his fireside chats. A variety of items are

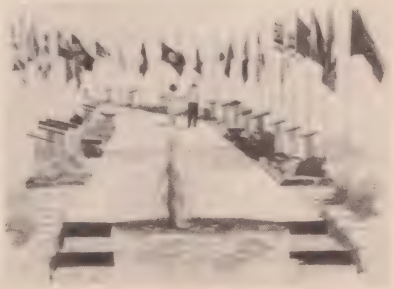


on display: photographs, personal belongings, official gifts, mementos of the New Deal's National Recovery Administration.

Roosevelt's breakfast tray, with a copy of the April 12, 1945, *Atlanta Constitution,* triggered a discussion of where-were-you-when-you-heard-the-news that drew in visitors and the museum guards. (Some of the guards knew President Roosevelt at Warm Springs and like to reminisce.)

As he left, one visitor said, "This place has me remembering things I haven't thought about in 30 years."

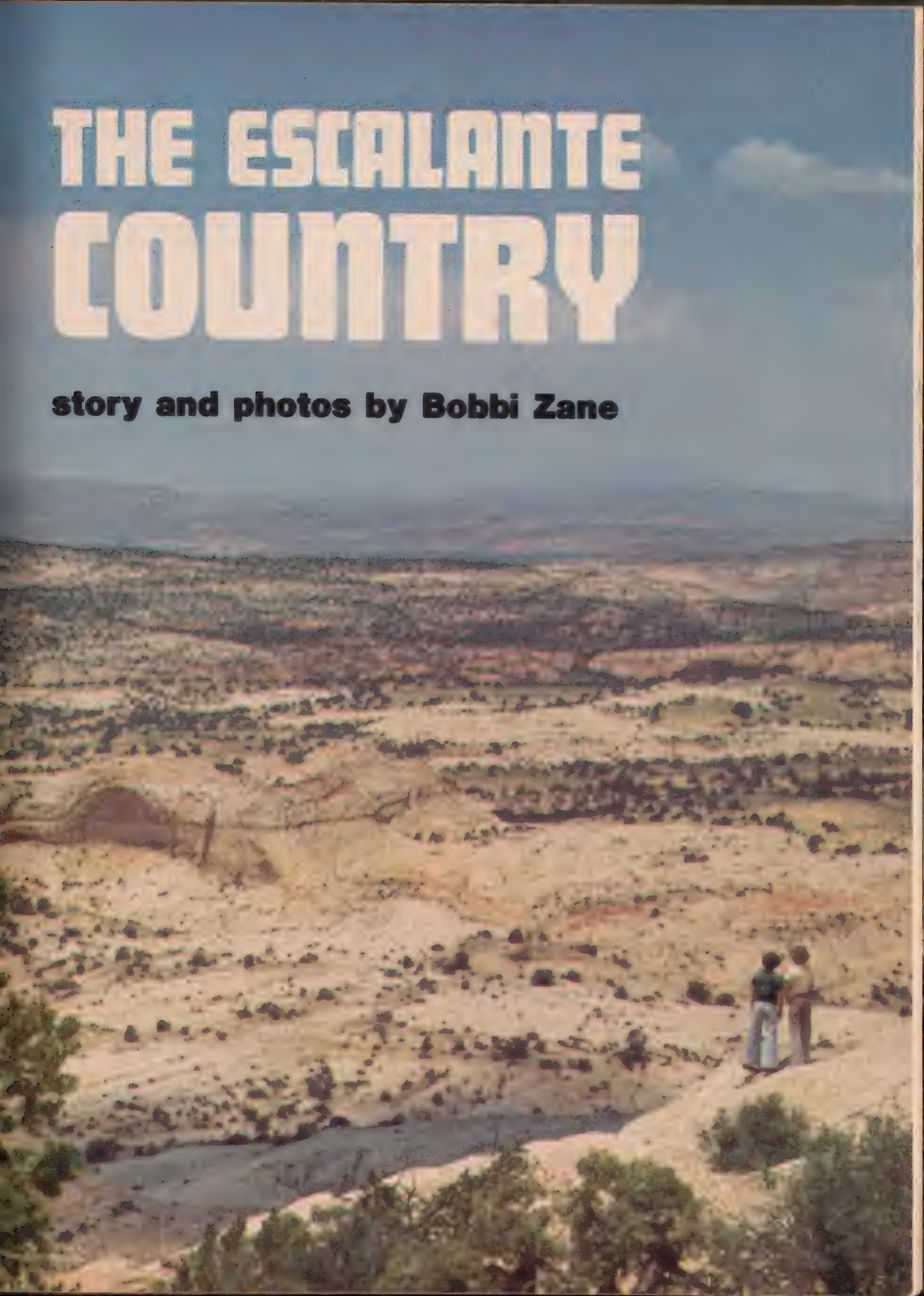
We were in the office of Frank Allcorn, Jr., the Executive Director of the Warm Springs Memorial Commission, when he was interrupted by a telephone call. It was a man demanding to talk to President Roosevelt. "We still get calls like this, every now and then," Mr. Allcorn said. When he picked up the phone, we could hear the man's voice. He was shouting. "It's important. I can't wait. I have to talk to President Roosevelt. Where *is* he? Where is he now?" □





THE ESCALANTE COUNTRY

story and photos by Bobbi Zane



WE TOLD the young people staffing the Escalante office of the Bureau of Land Management we were seeking an experience that's hard to find in today's urbanized world — a wilderness experience for ourselves and the children. We wanted to see some inspiring scenery, experience some peace and tranquility, and take a look into the past and feel how life must have been for the early inhabitants of the Escalante, the Anasazi. They told us we were at the right place for our wants.

To place our adventure into perspective, Escalante country is in south-central Utah, midway between Bryce Canyon and Capitol Reef National parks. It's mostly unexplored desert and extends in a north-south direction from the Aquarius Plateau to the cliffs above Lake Powell, and, in all, is the closest thing to an untouched wilderness we could find.

The area's few people live in two tiny towns, Escalante and Boulder, each with a handful of residents. And with the exception of State Highway 12 connecting the two, there are no paved roads. There are a few good dirt roads, several reasonably accessible campgrounds, hiking trails that lead to all sorts of scenic wonders and practically no people outside the towns.

Trackless it might be, but the Escalante is anything but a wasteland. Incredibly beautiful, it's a system of steep canyons, soaring arches and striking monoliths — all created by the creeks and rivers that eventually

A land of steep canyons, soaring arches and striking monoliths, this beautiful section of Utah remains mostly unexplored

flow into the Escalante River. One of the last major rivers in the contiguous United States to be discovered and mapped, the Escalante now flows into Lake Powell, but not before it carves the scenic wonders we were now exploring.

Contrasted to the barren sandy deserts we've seen elsewhere, the Escalante is lush. Its rivers actually contain water, though sometimes only a few inches deep; they flow yearround from underground springs and seeps. Cliffs hide hanging gardens of yellow columbine, brilliant red monkey flowers and delicate maidenhair ferns. And the larger streams support populations of animals, waterfowl, fish and insects; each stream is an en-



tire eco-system, in itself worth spending some time with.

The campground alongside one of these streams, Calf Creek, served as our home for the few days of our stay in Escalante country. We selected it because of its relative isolation and its remarkably beautiful location. There was a lovely waterfall within hiking distance of the camp, we'd been told. And we'd find centuries-old Anasazi granaries and petroglyphs on the canyon walls nearby.

Calf Creek, with 10 campsites on either side of the stream, lies in the basement of a vibrant red rock canyon. The color is everywhere, in varying hues, arranged in big lumpy rocks, wide-mouthed caves and holes, and overhanging cliffs along the walls of the canyon. The red is all the more vivid because of the contrasting deep green of the trees and shrubs growing streamside. It's quiet here. No automobiles or trucks lumber by and airplanes fly so high as to leave no sounds. Even the few human sounds are muted.

So we relaxed and listened to nature's sounds, dominated by the happy tunes of the stream gurgling beside our campsite. In the cool of early morning and late afternoon, the birds and bugs set up their conversations. We could talk all day, of course, and in the quiet we could hear what each of us had to say about things we never quite got around to in the city — like our plans for the future and what we believe in.

The walk to the waterfall provided opportunity for more discoveries. In the early morning with the sun warming the scarlet rocks of the canyon walls, the walk was lovely. Strolling slowly, we could really savor the sights, sounds and smells that enveloped us as we moved along the canyon. From time to time, we would pass fairly deep but crystal-clear pools that provided excellent views of fish.

High up on the wall of a side canyon we spotted what we'd been looking for, an Anasazi grain storage bin. It was nestled in the overhang of a cliff, masonry constructed of flat rocks. We knew that the Ancient Ones, as they were called, had farmed in this canyon a thousand years ago



but had vanished about 800 years ago.

While admiring the old granary, we speculated about what it must have been like to live in this canyon so long ago. From our vantage point it seemed that not much had changed.

The Anasazi must have enjoyed plunging their feet in the creek's cooling waters after a hot walk, just as we had. And like us, they must have felt just a bit sybaritic as they relaxed in nature's own Jacuzzi, created by rocks and stream. If the Ancient Ones walked through the water as we did, perhaps they found themselves in a deep pool created by a beaver dam; generations of beaver have been building dams at Calf Creek. And the Anasazi probably hunted the ancestors of the ducks we saw swimming in a wide spot in the stream. Quite possibly the Anasazi took a cooling swim in the pool created by the waterfall.

There's something quite remarkable about coming upon a waterfall in the desert, particularly if it's a very pretty one like Calf Creek Falls. As we approached, it emerged out of the tops of the trees blocking the trail. Standing there all alone, it cascaded from a notch in the rock in a single 126-foot ribbon to an azure pool that must be 50 feet across. Deep and cool, the pool just invited us to plunge in, which we did with the childish enthusiasm that we'd been feeling throughout the trip. We splashed around in delight, then sat under a tree and thought once again about the Anasazi who once roamed the area.

We had learned about these Ancient Ones on another trip through the Escalante. On that occasion we'd stopped at the Anasazi Indian Village State Historical Monument in Boulder, a splendid museum dedicated to portraying the community and family life of the early inhabitants. The artifacts on display were actually dug up from an ancient village that is located on the site. We saw baskets, tools, examples of masonry and pottery, all recently excavated.

A trip to Boulder is one of several interesting side trips that can be taken from Calf Creek. Boulder is quite literally at the end of the road; the road between it and Escalante was constructed in 1938 well within the memories of many. It's still a difficult, slow drive to get there, along a twisting, knife-edge strip of blacktop. But it moves through scenery even more dramatic than that around Calf Creek. From certain ridges you can see a hundred miles beyond the towering Henry Mountains to the east. You can see Navajo Mountain on the south shore of Lake Powell in Arizona and Boulder Mountain itself to the north.

Any reflection on the human history of the Escalante would have to focus also on the hardy pioneers and explorers who tracked through this wilderness a hundred years ago. They never knew what they'd find beyond the next hill. But they had created the trails we followed on our trip. And for the adventurous we can suggest driving the dirt road to Hole-In-The-Rock on the shore of Lake Powell; the road leaves from the town of Escalante. An even more adventurous drive is over the dirt road that runs between Boulder and Capitol Reef National Park; the desert scenery along this route is unparalleled.

If seeing some glorious desert scenery was our primary reason for exploring the Escalante, the trip offered much more than that. The very remoteness of it all made us feel like the Anasazi and the later explorers. And in the isolation we were able to feel ourselves slowing down, focusing on the little things, appreciating the pleasures of living in the here and now.

All of which brought our thinking back to the wilderness itself. It's so fragile; a trail can go unused for a hundred years and still be there. Any unnatural disturbance leaves a permanent scar. We've got to treat the wilderness with care so that others can share its beauty and peace. □

For information about the Escalante area, write Craig K. Zufelt, Area Manager, Escalante Resource Area, Bureau of Land Management, P.O. Box 225, Escalante, Utah 84726.





ROCKS

A Solid Way to Travel

by Evelyn Rose

illustrations by Robert Boston

TO ME, TRAVEL MEANS the glamour and lure of far places. And travel means rocks. Not moon rocks — for though they grip our imagination, we know that hardly one among us can travel to that far place — but earth rocks. Rocks from the earth's surface provide some of the most beautiful objects known to mankind.

It gives me great pleasure to have on one shelf the same marble that gleams from the Taj Mahal in India; a barnacle-encrusted rock from Pemaquid Point, Maine; some small rocks from the edge of Mount Aso, an active volcano on a Japanese island; alabaster from Colorado; crystal formations from the Ozarks; and a fossilized crab claw from a mountain in an Alaskan region that was once covered with water.

Some Chinese study a single rock for an hour, or even for a day. They meditate on the feelings the rock in-

spires. I study rocks for five minutes each time I go to my basement with a load of laundry or sewing, or to get an item from storage.

In fancy, these rocks take me to far places. The small piece of marble from the Carrara mountains leads me to read again about Michelangelo's search in these same mountains for the perfect marble for his *Pietà*.

Once I thought of myself as a rock hound. I belonged to a rock club. My fellow rock hounds, pebble pups in the beginner stages, went on to polish, to grind, to cut. They made beautiful jewelry. I did this, too, and have grinding wheels, a tumbler and much of the equipment that helps one in the art of lapidary. Agates that I gathered on the shores of Lake Superior and polished to a fine sheen, made attractive pins. But none compares in beauty or interest to my travel rocks — rocks that remain just as they came from the earth's surface.

Everyone vacations somewhere, and all places have rocks. Everyone also has friends who travel, and it seems if they become interested in one's hobby, it makes practically a worldwide collecting group. Traveling friends say it is fun to make your hobby a vacation project for themselves, even to involve their fellow travelers.

I am fortunate to have a brother who was with the airlines and often traveled in the Pacific area, and a son-in-law who was a Navy pilot. Both have brought me rocks from far places — with love, I trust, although they always complained about what rocks had done to the weight of their baggage. For each rock, they said, they had to throw out one shoe.

My collection was begun by accident. We had stopped to eat a picnic lunch beside a rivulet in the western Rockies. I put my hand down into the fast-moving, clear water and found to my surprise that erosion had made this eight-inch-wide stream a whole arm's length deep. I kept a small rock from the bottom, the start of my collection.

Next was a piece of milk-white alabaster. It was purchased to be a paperweight until the man in the Colorado rock shop told me that alabaster was the first rock mentioned in the Bible. ("There came unto Him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on His head, as He sat at meat." Matthew 26:7.) That lifted alabaster from the paperweight category.

Years later, my daughter brought me alabaster of a different color from Italy. This led to an investigation. (Isn't that what travel should do for



us, inspire us to learn?) There are, I learned, two minerals called alabaster, and both resemble marble. Oriental alabaster was used by ancient Egyptians; a calcite, white and translucent, it is sometimes banded with dark streaks. That known as modern alabaster is a variety of gypsum; usually it is snow white with a uniform, fine grain.

A piece of marble in my collection came from a quarry either in Sicily or on the Mediterranean island of Crete. It is gray, streaked with coarse mineral grains. In humid weather the marble absorbs moisture from the air. When saturated, it releases this moisture on the shelf. In dry weather it leaves a deposit of salts.

I discovered early in my search for unusual rocks that we cannot legally pick up any rock in a United States national park, even though we are part owners of these public lands. We were on a motor trip to the West and had climbed Grinnel Glacier in the park now called the Waterton Glacier International Peace Park. I picked up a small rock that the park ranger serving as our guide identified as glaciated rock. I carried my find back down the steep slopes. It was a harder task than the climb up, and my feet kept sliding down into the toes of my shoes.



Ranger showed compassion

After I had finally made my descent, the ranger glanced at the rock I still carried and said, "That is against park regulations."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I replied. "I really am a law-abiding citizen." I put the rock down on the ground.

"Keep it," the ranger told me, kindly. "I closed my eyes to that small one. I could see how interested you were."

Rationalizing that the rock had already been moved from its proper spot on earth, I brought it home. Today that small glaciated rock leers at me from a shelf. Occasionally, a guest sees the identification I put on it and says to me, "Don't you know it's against the law to have that rock?" One even told me to mail it back to the park. But it remains my only rock from a national park.

Petrified wood also is fascinating to study, but it is nearly always labeled, "Property of the United States Government" when found in



large deposits.

Rocks provide great conversational gambits. A green pottery plate of mine holds an assortment of agates, rhodocrosite and bits of snowflake obsidian, and each rock sample is the source of several tales. (The plate is always removed when small children are present: It looks like a plate of good candy.)

But you don't even have to carry rocks home to enjoy meditating about them, because many natural rock formations are worth studying right where they are. Concretions on the shores of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, almost perfect spheres, are a mass of minerals that have become welded together and formed into a ball by some chemical reaction of different minerals dissolved in groundwater. "Fairy stones" found on the ground in the Virginia hills are in the shape of a cross. "Desert roses" are worn into the shape of a rose by winds and erosion, and are natural formations of red sandstone in the Southwestern desert areas. Most amazing of all, to me, are the white grains of sand on a Pacific island that, under a microscope, are tiny pointed stars.

These natural formations, commonly called by the above names, also have their technical and scientific names and it's enjoyable to learn them, too.

We have picked up rocks from many parts of the country — coral formations from Florida's Tampa Bay, crystals from the Ozarks, gray granite from the Precambrian rock

ledge above Lake Superior. This deposit of gray granite was particularly troublesome when the coast-to-coast Canadian Pacific Railway was constructed.

Pierre Berton, in his book, *The Impossible Railway,* reports the appalling cost in lives, equipment and finances it took to drive and lay the steel of the Canadian Pacific through and over the armored north shore of Lake Superior. The workmen had to blast cuttings through miles of solid granite in an area that is also called "the Canadian shield."

My shelf also holds exfoliated (split into layers or scales) granite from the Lee Vining downgrade in the High Sierras, where a posted sign reads: "Exfoliated Rock, Help Yourself."

Notes that accompany gifts of rock are enjoyable, too. One reads: "These little stones are from the grounds of the Toshugo Shrine in Japan. On the walls are the original hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, speak-no-evil monkeys." Another says: "P.K. asked that I forward these to you; he obtained them on Wake Island." A most interesting letter to my brother reads in part: "I spent the weekend in Cairo and visited Luxor. One of the places we stopped was the Temple of Queen Hatshepsut. I picked up a rock for your sister's collection and am sending along photostatic copies of the excavation pictures." What great gifts!

From my daughter, who spent some months in South America with her husband during naval training exercises, came a bit of lapis lazuli (literally, "azure stone"), the national stone of Chile. Her accompanying letter told me that this semiprecious stone was used in jewelry by women who lived in Mesopotamia around 2600 B.C. and that Chile claims that its northern mountains are the Occident's only source of particularly fine lapis lazuli.

When I read these notes, I feel I have been on a long and interesting journey. One can buy stone samples, of course, but "personalized" rocks, picked up by oneself or a friend, are so much more meaningful.

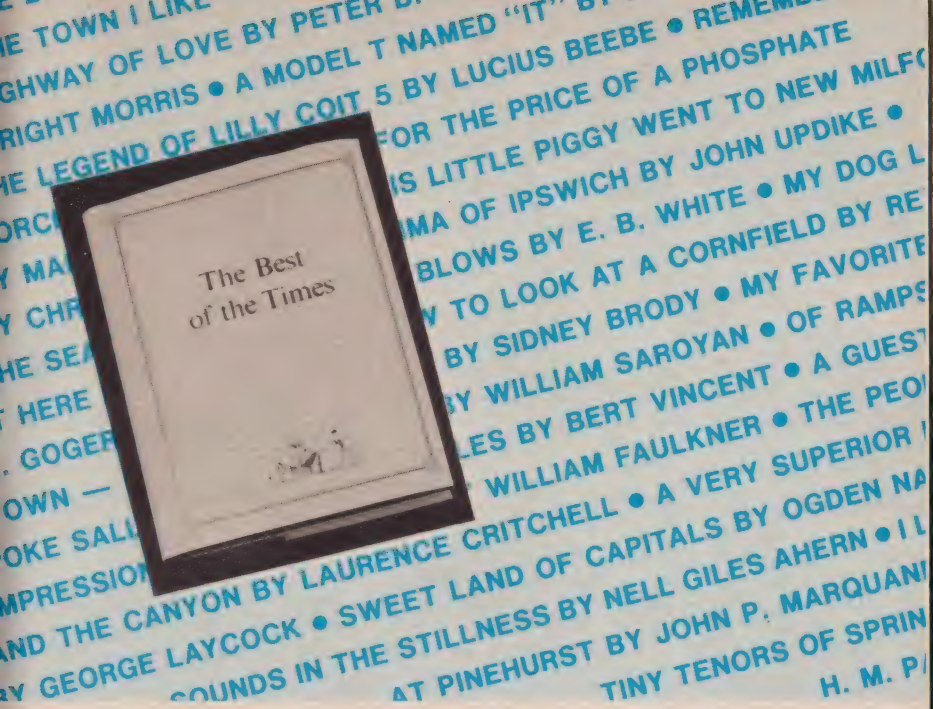
Rocks can be found everywhere

Since rocks cover the world's surface, treasures can be found on a river bank, in a stream, in a quarry — even in your own backyard. It is fun to include a few hours of rock hunting in every vacation. This must be done on offbeat roads, or secondary ones. Don't hunt rocks along any interstate highway! And don't feel guilty about collecting rocks; you're not using up the earth's resources, you're just moving them around to a new location.

Once, when we moved our household goods to a new home, a mover picked up a pail with some effort. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, "What do you have in here — rocks?"

"Yes, rocks — my travel rocks," I replied.

He laughed. "I've said that to well over a hundred people when I've moved them," he told me, "but this is the first time I ever got a yes answer." □



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Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

BY NANCY KENNEDY



illustration by Don Odle

COWTOWN CLUB
DODGE CITY, KANSAS

As the name implies, this Western restaurant thrives in a town made famous by cattlemen and such colorful characters as Bat Masterson and Billy the Kid. Visitors to the city are still impressed by the area's huge numbers of cattle being fattened for market and for the great beef served at the Cowtown Club by owners Grant and Susie Parsons. Dinner served every day, except Sunday and Monday. Reservations necessary. It is one block south and six blocks west of famous Boot Hill at 503 East Trail.

Marinated Beef Loin

Many cattlemen like their beef to be marinated before being charcoal broiled. This is the way it is done at the club.

Marinate a tenderloin of beef for four hours or longer in the following mixture:

1	10-ounce bottle Worcestershire Sauce
1	10-ounce bottle soy sauce
20	ounces water
1	medium onion, sliced

Place in bowl and make sure meat is covered by marinade, or turned frequently if it does not cover. Place in refrigerator. Remove meat from mixture and broil on charcoal grill until done to taste. Slice and serve.

KYOTO JAPANESE STEAK HOUSE
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Steaks, seafood, chicken and vegetables are specialties prepared at the table on Teppan grills by skilled Japanese chefs. The dining room is open every day for lunch and dinner, reservations advisable. At 18601 Hubbard Drive, it is adjacent to Fairlane Town Center, a half mile north of Michigan Avenue. Manager Koji Watanabe is a native of Hiroshima.

Kyoto Onion Soup

12	cups chicken-beef stock
2	ounces sliced mushrooms
1	ounce green onion
5	ounces deep-fried, sliced onion
1	teaspoon each salt and pepper
1	teaspoon soy sauce

To make stock combine chicken and beef bones and water in a large kettle and let simmer for 5 hours. Season with salt, pepper and soy sauce. Remove bones, then strain so that only clear broth remains. Divide remaining ingredients in 8 bowls, pour hot broth over ingredients and serve. Makes 8 portions.

Japanese Salad Dressing

8	tablespoons vinegar
8	tablespoons soy sauce
1-1/2	cups pure vegetable oil
1/2	lemon, juice
2	ounces celery juice
2	tablespoons salt
1	teaspoon pepper

Blend all ingredients together thoroughly. Serve over crisp lettuce, red cabbage and tomato. Makes 8 portions.

illustration by Max Altekruse



illustration by Marc Gobé

NORTH BEACH RESTAURANT SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Lorenzo Petroni is the genial host and owner of this delightful restaurant. Mr. Petroni frequently serves customers with fish caught from his own fishing boat. And he personally prepares the restaurant's outstanding Buon Gusto salami. Lunch and dinner served daily; reservations necessary. Closed most holidays. The address is 1512 Stockton in the North Beach area of San Francisco.

Cioppino

6 pounds mixed seafood — shrimp, crab, lobster, calamari (squid), filet of sole, mussels and clams
1/2 cup olive oil
2 cups onion, finely chopped
1 cup celery, finely chopped
1 tablespoon each: oregano, fresh rosemary and marjoram
2 cloves garlic, minced or mashed
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 can (1 pound, 13 ounces) solid-pack tomatoes
2 cups dry white wine

Clean and cut calamari into slices, shell and devein shrimp, clean mussel and clam shells. Cut lobster and crab into serving pieces. Heat olive oil and add onion, celery and seasonings. Cook for five minutes then add tomatoes which have been peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped. Add seafood, except clams and mussels. Add wine. Cover pot and simmer until almost done, about 30 minutes. Add clams and mussels, cover pot and simmer about 10 minutes more or until shells open. Serve in big bowls over slices of toasted French bread. Makes 6-8 portions.

THE BLACK FOREST INN RESTAURANT BEND, OREGON

Continental cuisine in a Bavarian atmosphere is a winning combination in this popular restaurant. Open for dinner every day except Monday; reservations advisable. From U.S. Highway 97, take Franklin Street to Century Drive. The restaurant is at 25 S.W. 14th Street.

Rathskeller Chicken

Pound 6 5-ounce boneless halves of chicken breasts to get an even thickness. Beat 3 eggs with 2 teaspoons water, then dust chicken breasts in 5 ounces of flour. Dip floured chicken in egg wash, then in 4 ounces cracker meal. Melt 5 ounces butter in a large fry pan and cook chicken breasts slowly (about 5 minutes each side) to a golden brown. While chicken is cooking prepare a sauce by melting 2 ounces of butter and combining with 2 ounces of flour in a 2-quart pot. Add 1 cup half and half, 1 cup milk, 6 ounces white wine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and salt and pepper, to taste. Simmer for 5 minutes. Add 4 ounces cleaned and cooked shrimp and 2 ounces mushrooms which have been sauteed in butter. Simmer 5 minutes more, stirring occasionally. Cook 12 spears asparagus. Place chicken breasts on plate with asparagus spears on top. Top with sauce. Serve with buttered rice and vegetables. Serves 6.

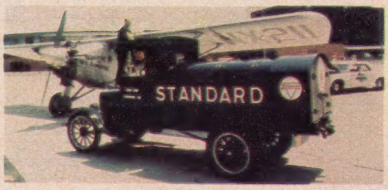
illustration by Randall McKissick

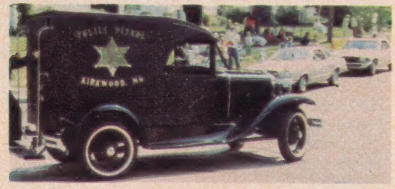
Letters Letters Letters

Refueling the Lindbergh Flight

We have used Ford trucks in our farm and home fuels business since 1942. Our pride and joy, however, is a one-ton, 1925 Model T that is in perfect running condition. I believe it's the only one of its kind in existence today. We were honored last year in being asked to use it for refueling *The Spirit of St. Louis* at Indianapolis during the 50th anniversary commemorative flight of Charles Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic flight.

Kenny Jones
Greentown, Indiana





Old Veteran Still Checks In

Our police department has an old veteran that is now showing up mostly for parades, civic affairs and displays. She's a "Black Maria" police patrol wagon — a 1930 Model A Ford.

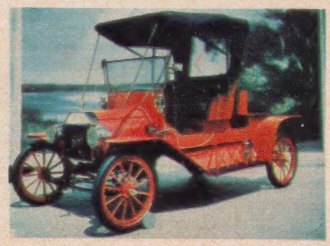
The car was a recent restoration project of our police-sponsored Explorer Scout Post 9090. Among those who gave a helping hand was Yates and Stevens Ford, Inc., in southwest St. Louis County. The result is a real crowd pleaser.

Chief Daniel B. Linza
Kirkwood, Missouri

Father-and-Son Project

Since Ford Motor Company is celebrating its 75th anniversary this year, I thought you would be interested in seeing a father-and-son project. It took five months. My 18-year-old son, Mike, Jr., and I completely handcrafted all of the car's parts to one-eighth scale. Even my wife played a role: She contributed two handbags from which we took material for the car's upholstery and top. Our "blueprint" was a full-size 1911 Model T Ford Roadster that we also own.

Michael Poveromo
Port St. Lucie, Florida





Check which car you think is which and compare your answers with those at the bottom of the page.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
GRANADA ESS	■		■		■		■		■	
MERCEDES BENZ 280 S E		■		■		■		■		■

Which is the exciting new 1978 Ford Granada ESS?
Which is the impressive new $20,000 Mercedes-Benz?

INTRODUCING THE NEW FORD GRANADA ESS. CAN YOU TELL ITS LOOKS FROM A $20,000 MERCEDES-BENZ?



FORD

When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.

Answers: Granada ESS: 1, 4, 6, 8, 9. Mercedes-Benz: 2, 3, 5, 7, 10.

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"A Salute
to American Imagination"

This two-hour special on CBS-TV
in early October will commemorate
Ford's 75th anniversary;
watch for it in your local TV listings